

# *Fillet of Soul With a Dark Night Glaze*

by Reggie Marra

For Kris Kristofferson and Ken Wilber

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Endless, empty darkness,  
ineffable, voiceless eternity,  
no thing. To speak of.

Just this.

Still  
Perfect  
Silence.

Now

light so bright it  
hurts your hair  
since you're there to see  
it and  
the good news is you  
both see and be it  
since you are it

in this manifest  
game of Absolute  
hide and seek.

Suddenly  
infinitely empty void  
fills with potential  
for—well, everything,  
expanding in all  
directions and no direction  
but forward—  
an omni-directional  
vast, silent explosion  
into and as infinity.

Timeless, ever-present  
Awareness—oh my, God—  
you choose to manifest,  
hurtle through hot  
endless nothingness,  
slow, cool and begin to  
take form—  
liquefy, solidify,  
learn to breathe

and you're still learning  
with this breath!

Emerging neural cord  
begets slithering impulse,  
begets hairy emotion,  
begets operational thought,  
gets more and more complex,  
even now—

and look at you, becoming us,  
Mr. and Miss *Homo habilis*  
with our opposable thumbs,

creating tools with which  
we attempt to grasp  
the ungraspable, and

Mr. and Mrs. *Homo erectus*  
standing upright on both twos,  
recognizing our connection  
with each other, learning  
to simmer those early grunts and  
calls into language that helps us  
find our voice and endeavor  
to speak the unspeakable, and

embrace the dawning  
human potential movement  
sending us in search of  
warmth—and that first  
success-driven speech, a  
short, truncated vowel accented  
by an index finger pointing toward  
the cave, and

Mr. and Ms. *Homo sapiens*  
start to share big stories as  
myth emerges from magic  
and calls forth reason—  
Copernicus, Bruno, Kepler  
and Galileo tag team  
a parade of pontiffs—  
Bruno gets a stake and fries  
that Clement Eight! Galileo suffers  
Urban renewal—together launch  
the science-religion smackdown,  
and the winner is  
to be announced  
during intermission at the Apocalypse  
Theater's infinite showing of the  
Eternal Present—  
unwrapped  
beneath the bodhi tree, on the cross and  
mountaintop, in the cave—or  
wherever you happen to find your Self.  
Check the Universal Nondual News  
for show times.

Right now, look to the lofty,  
shaved-head, everyone-is-right,  
tetra-arising, talking-horse's-  
human part of you—oh, Wilber—  
Spirit-in-Action by any other name  
is still

a rose arisen  
a raisin' as the Sun  
from this waking dream to

face the challenge of lying  
in the luxury of multiple perspectives,  
creature comforts and I - Am - ness

while the prosthesis business  
booms in Baghdad,  
Bethesda and beyond

rest in the timeless  
perfection of this very moment

while the hole in your heart  
blossoms too big to bear,  
too intimate to bare

and the move from  
me and you  
to us  
to all that is is just this,  
just this, but

sometimes so hard to remember,  
to shift, to move on

and we don't know in that moment  
when the sheep leaves his fold,  
when the fool flees her flock,

if he's a rebel without a clue, she's  
of little faith, or the next emerging  
evolutionary perspective—

what's a shepherd to do?

As I speak, whose voice  
is this, really—whose vision  
informs my first-person pronoun—  
the Eye of flesh? the Eye of mind?  
the I of Spirit? Or, perhaps,  
the Cistercian's anonymous  
authority of the collectivity  
speaking through yet another  
case of mistaken identity?

Inquiring minds want to know.

I am in this room, and  
I am this room and  
everything and everyone  
in it. I am the music,  
the silence and  
of course I love myself  
and every single one of me,

whom I'm nevertheless called to ask—  
do I authentically transcend  
and include the  
skin-pigmentation thing, the  
masculine-feminine thing, the  
hetero- homo- trans-  
and bi- thing, those  
ever-resilient ethnic and  
religious things, the

liberal-conservative,  
wisdom-compassion,  
justice-mercy, and  
intimacy-solitude things, and

can I finally stop seeking what's  
impossible to avoid

what I always already am

and fully feel my  
absolute Embrace, my  
Mother of all diversity issues,  
the One as the Many,  
who invites me to sit down in  
the One Taste restaurant, order  
my fill from the Emptiness menu

—I've already had the Fillet of Soul  
with a Dark Night glaze, so bring  
me whatever you prefer—

dine alone with you, with us,  
with all of us, in the company of  
all that arises moment-to-  
moment in ever-present  
Awareness, savoring every  
morsel of each course served  
in this Nondual Feast

still desire,  
have room for  
and enjoy  
the sinfully divine, moist  
midnight chocolate cake,  
get up from the table  
wash all the dishes  
return to the street, and  
in my own voice  
eternally  
nourish and nurture  
all sentient beings?

Notes:

“Right now...by any other name” and “transcend and include”—language from and reference to Ken Wilber, whose influence permeates this poem; see also:

“talking horse's human...” equine star of 1960s sitcom, *Mr. Ed*, often whinnied, “Oh, Wilbur!” to his human co-star (Wilbur Post, played by Alan Young). Both spellings work in the line, and I've switched (13)<sup>3</sup> times. So much for “no preference.” I finally chose “Wilber,” who's a “real” character, so to speak.

“anonymous authority of the collectivity speaking through...” language from and reference to Thomas Merton's “The Inner Experience.”

*Heartfelt thanks to Ian Percy, whose inquiry gave this poem reason to manifest.*

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